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his figure; his emotion was evident by his restless gait, and even by his breathing. After a little time we reached a part of the wood, where was about a rood of land clear of any timber, except here and there a stunted thorn or holly; and there the word "halt," was given, in a whisper that thrilled to the farthest rank, and of itself half told of some horrible intention in the mind of him that pronounced it: in the same tone he directed them to light a fire; and having seated himself on a bank, motioned me to sit beside him. Alas! the honours of this world are hard to bear. I'd as soon have sat on a kish of pike-heads. However, I conquered my repugnance, and obeyed him. His head sank upon his hand, and he remained in that position until the blaze, rising higher and higher from the crackling and sapless branches that had been gathered and lit at his command, gave to its immediate precincts the full light of noon-day, and with its highest flickerings, half defining the trunks of the distant trees, made our really formidable number appear as if surrounded and defended by one still more formidable. Its effect on my companions was singularly wild and uncouth, as thrown in lazy groups on the elastic brushwood, or standing beside the blaze, which in its different gradations of light, according to their different distances, varied the expression of their countenances, and glanced upon their savage weapons—they afforded such a strikingly romantic, I might almost say classical appearance, that it half reconciled me to their lawless society. The outlaw again raised his head, and the usual stern calmness of his countenance was the only expression that my scrutiny could discover there; and when he called out to Flood to come forward, there was not a tone in his voice that betrayed him.—The wretch presented himself with the same carelessness as before, and which, whether real or affected, excited my strongest pity for his dangerous situation; but standing, as he did, between me and the fire, it was utterly impossible to distinguish any thing but the darkness of his figure, contrasted with its almost dazzling brightness.

"Flood," proceeded the captain, "you were up when I sent for you; what were you doing?"

A dawn of the truth seemed to burst upon his mind, but recovering himself quickly, he answered,

"Sure I told your honour I was making out an account of the day's work agin the major, bad luck to him. I'm a poor boy, your honour, depending on my day's work, and I'd like to have every thing fair and straight."

"Indeed!" answered the outlaw; "an' I'll be bound an industrious, quiet boy like you has a long balance in your favour. Would you let me look at that account now?"

"I—I—haven't it about me, your honour," replied he. "You lie you have;" responded a voice from the crowd—"didn't you put it in your pocket when I opened the door?"

"Eh—in my pocket," stammered the detected ruffian, and thrusting his hand in, the crackling of paper was distinctly heard, "not it at all, your honour," he proceeded, "only a bit of an old copy that I was trying the pins on, no use at all;" and drawing it out, he made an effort to throw it into the flames, but his nerveless arm refused its office—the paper fell within a foot of the blaze, and was handed to the captain before the terrified wretch recovered his surprise. Every eye started into eager watchfulness; and the agonized breathings of Flood were all that could be heard, until the captain, after glancing his eye over the paper, exclaimed,

"Why, Flood, I believe you were going to ask me to make a serjeant of you, you have taken such a correct list of us. What was the major to give you for this?"

Every demonstration of despair that he had so long laboured to control burst out with double violence. His head sunk upon his breast, and his knees tottered so, that the arm of an infant might have hurled him to the ground. His guilt was but too evident.

"Well, Sir," said the captain, turning round to me, and placing his arm on my shoulder in such a manner that his fingers fell on my breast, and could perceive every beat of my heart; "what, think you, should be the fate of an informer?"

My voice was choked, but he could read my feelings too well from my heart.

"You are young, Sir," he said bitterly, and after a short pause, thundered out to Flood, "Villain, if you know a prayer, say it, for your time is short."

"Mercy! mercy!" shrieked the victim; and "mercy! mercy!" repeated a young female, rushing from her covert in the brushwood, immediately behind us, and throwing herself on her knees before the captain, ere an arm could arrest her progress.

"Ha!" shouted he, "who the dence is this!"

"His sweet heart, your honour," answered Coghlan; "she followed us, I suppose, and that's what brought her here."

The poor girl clung to his knees, still shrieking for mercy; but with one vigorous effort he unloosed her grasp, and gave her into the unwilling charge of Coghlan, who stood next to him. She still struggled with her detainer, until at one time she caught a view of his face, and recognised him: to him her prayers were then directed. She knelt to him—she shrieked—she almost dragged his herculean frame from his place, when the report of a dozen muskets cut short her entreaties. She turned round, and saw the dying blaze light up the convulsed features of the informer, and then fell powerless into the arms of Coghlan.

"Dead, is he?" asked our leader, of one of those who had gone up to examine him.

"Nothing surer, your honour," was the answer.

He then rose from his seat, as if to depart, but was stopped and whispered by Coghlan.

"Indeed," said he, "then there's more to be done."

But whatever that more was, he seemed to have but little relish for it, as after a short pause he continued,

"No, no, *we've* done enough—try what you can do now," and handing him a pistol from his belt, departed, attended by his followers. Seeing me accompanying him, he desired me make for home as quick as I could, for I had a far way to go, a command which was, undoubtedly, the only pleasing one to my ears that he uttered since I had the pleasure of his acquaintance. I obeyed him, and just as I was on the road, heard a shot fired in the wood, which I supposed was by accident, or some signal. However I hastened home, and arrived just at day-dawn, unperceived by any one. The first news I heard next day was that a man and his sweetheart had been found shot in Major *****'s wood, by the shepherd. An investigation was held by the magistrates, and immense rewards were offered for the slightest information, but in vain.

(Continued in our next Number.)

INDIAN ZOOLOGY.

While it shall at all times be our study to give to the Dublin Penny Journal as national a character as possible, it is our intention from time to time to lay before our readers such articles on various subjects as we may deem calculated to amuse, inform, and instruct, although altogether unconnected with, and even far removed from our native land; feeling satisfied that by so doing we shall not by any means be departing from the original design of our publication. In pursuance of this design, we now give the following article on Indian Zoology:

An Indian forest scene is the most picturesque that can be imagined; the trees seem perfectly animated; the fantastic monkeys give life to the stronger branches; and the weaker sprays wave over your head, charged with vocal and various plumed inhabitants. It is an error to suppose that nature hath denied melody to the birds of hot climates, and formed them only to please the eye with their gaudy plumage. Ceylon abounds with birds equal in song to those of Europe, which warble among trees, grotesque and even picturesque in their appearance, and often laden with the most delicious and salubrious fruit. Birds of the richest colours cross the glades, and troops of peacocks complete the charms of the scene, spreading their plumes to a sun that has ample powers to do them justice. The landscape, in many parts of India, corresponds with the beauties of the animate creation: the mountains are lofty steep, and broken, but

clothed with forests, enlivened with cataracts of a grandeur and figure unknown to this part of the globe.

But to give a reverse of this enchanting prospect, which it is impossible to enjoy with a suitable tranquillity; you are harassed in one season with a burning heat, or in the other with deluges of rain: you are tormented with clouds of noxious insects; you dread the spring of the tiger, or the mortal bite of the naja.

During the summer season, in many places in some of the higher latitudes, the inhabitants undergo the most intense heats, arising to the 114th, nay even to the 120th degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer; so that men are scarcely able to breathe, plunge into water up to the chin,

and ascend the higher trees that they may inhale a somewhat cooler breeze; whilst they whose occupations oblige them to endure the hot air abroad, not unfrequently fall suddenly dead. The birds too are often killed by the heat, while flying, or sitting on trees, and fall to the ground.

Then, as the flat country is inundated, about the solstice, by the swollen waters of the Ganges, which returning into their channel, leave many stagnant pools, the exhalations raised by the sun's heat form a body of intensely hot vapour, extremely noxious, so as to occasion putrid fevers of the highest malignity, which frequently prove fatal within three hours.



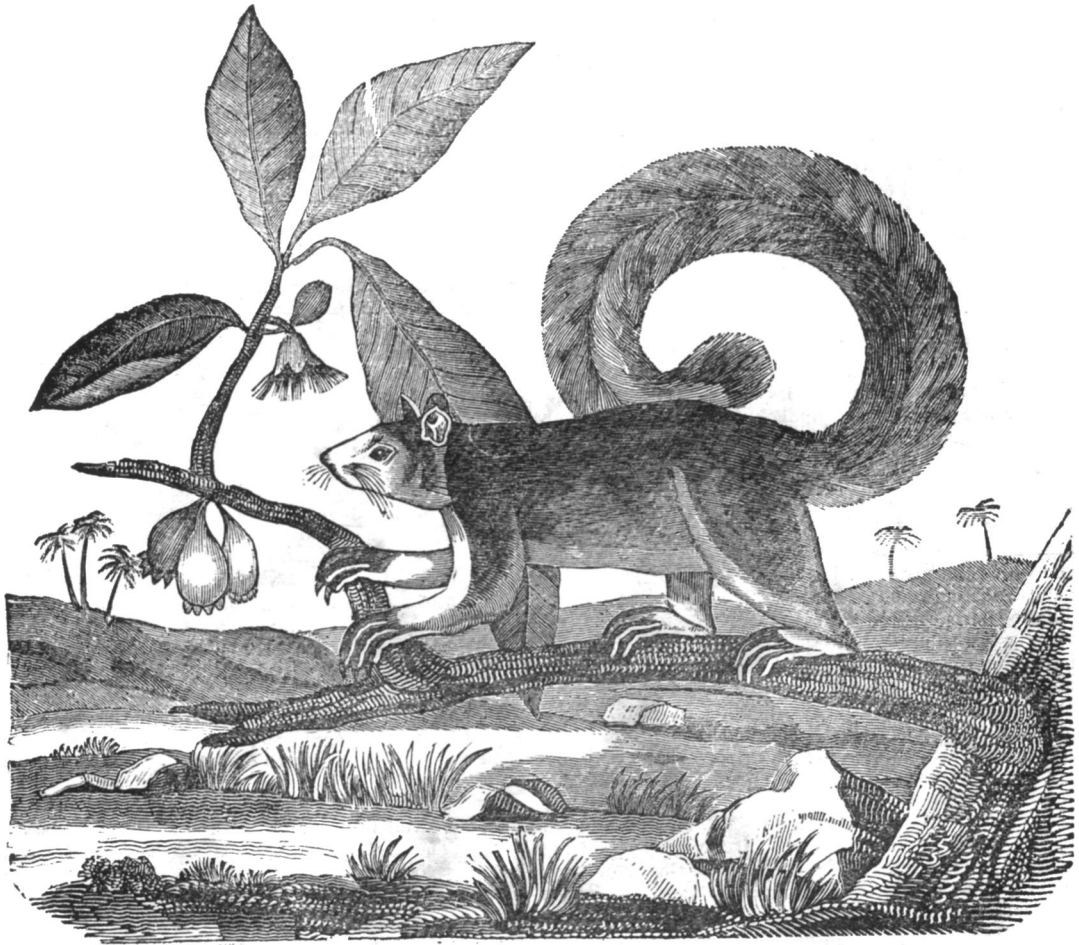
THE LITTLE HORNED OWL.

This elegant species of the owl is found in Ceylon. Indeed it can scarcely be called a species. In the engraving it is represented of its natural size. The irides are scarlet:

the horns take their origin from the base of the bill, and point to the sides of the head: on their inner side they are dusky, on their exterior, white. The bill is dusky

surrounded with long bristles: the circle of feathers round the eyes is of a very pale ash colour: the external circle of a yellowish brown. The head of a deep ash-colour: the back dusky: coverts of the wings grey, marked with narrow lines of black, pointing downwards; the quill-feathers regularly barred with black and white; the breast buff-colored, marked with small sagittal black spots; the legs feathered half way down; the naked part of a reddish yellow.

The plant on which it is represented as standing, is one of the most beautiful of the Indies; but at the same time its roots are the most venomous. It is found in Ceylon and Malabar, and, on account of its charming appearance, is called by Linnæus, *Gloriosa Superba*. By the natives it is styled *Najajala* and *Nyaghala*, possibly from its being possessed of a poison as potent as that of the serpent *Naja*, or *Cobra de Capello*, whose bite is the most fatal of any yet known.



THE LONG-TAILED SQUIRREL.—(*SCIURUS MACROURUS*.)

This species is found in Ceylon and Malabar. In the Cingalese tongue it is called *Dandoelana*; and, from the noise it makes, *Roekca*. It is about three times the size of the European squirrel. The ears are tufted with black hairs; the end of the nose is pink-colored; the cheeks, legs, and belly are of a dull yellow; between the ears is a yellow spot; the crown of the head, and the back, are black: from each ear is a bifurcated line of the same colour, pointing down the cheeks; the upper part of the feet is covered with black hairs; the lower part naked and red. The tail is near twice the length of the body, of a light ash colour, and extremely bushy. The part next the body quite surrounded with hairs; on the remainder the hairs are separated, and lie flat.

The tree is the *Eugenia Malaccensis*. It is the most excellent of the Indian fruits, delicious in taste, grateful in smell, pleasing to the eye, and salubrious in its effects. Its native place is Malacca; and is only cultivated in Goa and Amboina, on account of its fine qualities, its roseate scent and color, and its happy faculty of allaying the rage of thirst in the burning fevers of the torrid zone.

That India, whence the animals which we have described are taken, is called East India; there is, however, much variation as to the countries to which this name is

proper and peculiar. In the first place it is maintained, that India is only wherever the Hindu nation inhabits, or the country called by the Persians, Hindostan, which is comprehended between the rivers Sind and Ganges, closed to the north by the ridge of Imaus or Caucasus; and on the south surrounded by the ocean; so that the whole peninsula on this side the Ganges, belongs to Hindostan.—But in a more extended sense, the peninsula beyond the Ganges also is a part of India; and its limits are much more extensive, if under this second signification of India are reckoned all the islands of the Indian sea, from the east and north of Madagascar, as far as New Holland, and thence eastward to the Phillippine islands, together with New Guinea; and it is principally with this meaning that the English and Dutch sailors use the word India, and Mr. Pennant seems to have adopted it in his account of the animals of India. It must be evident that a disquisition concerning the climate, soil, and seas of India, thus largely understood, would be a matter of much difficulty. It is our intention, in a future number, with some other interesting illustrations of birds and animals, to enter more at length into the soil and climate of those distant portions of our globe.